

IF IT HAPPENS
IT'S HERECLEVER TRICKS
TO WIN GAMES

Hugh S. Fullerton Tells of
Smooth Schemes Worked
by Baseball Players.

BY HUGH S. FULLERTON.

Tricks worked with such exceeding speed as to deceive the umpire, the opposing team and often practically every one on the ground, have been pulled off again and again by clever ball players, and many of them have won games.

It is strange that the stories of such tricks are confined to so few men. Whether that is because only a few turned such tricks or whether all the clever tricks were attributed to them, just as all the funny stories are attributed to notorious funny story tellers, no one knows, but the greatest of the tricks are attributed to Mike Kelly, Jimmy McAleer, Pat Tebeau, Billy Hamilton, Conkiesky, Tip O'Neill or Tommy McCarthy.

Tricks are pulled off almost every day—little ones, often unimportant, but they win ball games, and that, especially in professional games, is all that counts. It is boldness and quick thinking and acting that make them possible, and however one may feel about the sportsmanship of the player who turns the trick he cannot but admire the cerebral celerity of the player. Dalmat, the old Chicago star, once won a game by one of the cleverest tricks ever pulled off. It was a game against Philadelphia, when the pennant fortunes of the team seemed wavering. The case was a tie, 5 to 5, and both teams fighting for every inch of ground. The eleventh inning began with darkness descending over the field with the score a tie.

Chicago scored one run and the Philadelphia crowd, which had the last bats, was howling at the umpire to call the game on account of darkness but he refused, and the Quakers were sent to bat. Two men were retired and then a single and a double suddenly changed the aspect of things.

With men on first and second and a big hitter up, Chicago's chances grew dim and they began delaying and fighting for darkness. Still the umpire was obstinate and the ball was pitched. The batter swung. The ball was a crack and the sphere went flying out to left center. It was lost from sight in an instant. The crowd did not know whether it was a home run or a line fly.

Two players went tearing toward the plate. In that instant Dalmat stood still, shoved both hands above his head, waited an instant, jerked them down, stuck something into his pocket and turning, ran to the club house while the crowd roared over Chicago's victory.

But in the club house Dai confessed that he hadn't seen the ball at all, hadn't the slightest idea where it had fallen, and that his entire play of catching it was pantomime—which fooled everybody except a few in the field bleachers—who saw the ball cross the left field fence of the grounds and fall into the street.

A Smooth Trick by Evers.

Johnny Evers worked a clever trick a couple of seasons ago that resulted in a putout. He was playing second and there was a runner on first when the batter cracked a hot, bouncer straight at him. In some way the ball shot straight between his legs and rolled on out to center field. Without blinking an eyelash Evers went through the pantomime of catching the ball, second to force out a runner. Tinker, covering the base, pretended to catch the ball and the base runner, completely fooled, stopped and started to walk to the bench. Before the yell of his team mates aroused the base runner Slagle had recovered the ball and thrown the runner out at second.

Fred Clark won a game for Pittsburgh once, when Pittsburgh needed games to hold the championship, by a trick which beat Chicago out of a deserved victory. He was on second base with two out in the ninth inning and Chicago leading when Wagner slapped a terrible line drive almost straight at Dahlen, who was playing short. Clarke already had started for third but, seeing that Dahlen was caught on the line of the ball, he ran up, stopped, made a bluff as if dodging and, just before the ball reached him, he dropped it. The ball shot past, struck Dahlen on the side of the head, and fell back to the ground. Clarke reached third before the sphere was recovered. Chicago made a strong kick on interference but Clarke's acting had been so well done that the umpire, and in an instant later a long drive beat Chicago.

How Kelly Cut the Bases.

The only Kelly was the man who copyrighted the idea of cutting bases. Kelly never tried to cut a base ten feet. He wanted to score from first by running around the pitcher—and that is exactly what he did in one game against New York.

He was on first when the batter ripped a grounder toward third. Without an instant's hesitation Kelly started straight toward the pitcher's box, yelling: "Watch Kelly, watch Kelly," at the top of his voice.

The umpire and the opposing players had too much experience with Kelly and his tricks to pay any attention to him, so the third baseman scooped the ball and shot it to first, the umpire running there to watch the play. Kelly almost ran over the pitcher and then, with one fleeting glance at the umpire, he turned and struck through the diamond for the plate.

"Out!" yelled the umpire on the runner at first base, and then, turning quickly, he sought Kelly—and discovered him just sliding across the plate with a yell of victory. He had scored from first on an infield out—and, although the opposing team yelled long and loud, the umpire was forced to admit he had not seen Kelly cut a base, so the score counted.

There was a trick attempted once which failed to materialize because Conkiesky was there with his rawhide

BIG GOSSIP BY
GEORGE SILER

Several Shocks Received in
Pugilistic World During
Last Week.

BY GEORGE SILER.

Chicago, April 21.—The pugilistic world was somewhat startled last week by the announcement of Tom O'Rourke's offer of \$100,000 for Jim Jeffries to come out of his retirement and meet six of our best heavy-weight fighters, and also by the report that Jim Coffroth of San Francisco saw Tom's amount and went him \$20,000 better.

Pugilistic fans also received a shock by the reports that old Bob Fitzsimmons, the oft-retired middle, light-heavy and heavy-weight champion, and Jack O'Brien had "practically agreed to fight twenty rounds under the auspices of the Tuxedo club for a stated sum of \$25,000.

Regarding the offers for Jeff to again enter the ring there is no doubt but he will accept, provided the guaranteed purse is placed where he can put his hands on it immediately after he bows over the last one of the six heavies.

Furthermore, neither Tommy Burns, the present acknowledged heavy-weight champion, nor Jack O'Brien, aspirant for the title, would care to meet Jeff under the conditions named. Nevertheless, the offers appeared good in print and gave Tom and the two Jims a lot of cheap advertising.

Yanger Far From a Has-Been.

There are enough good fists scheduled to take place within easy riding distance of Chicago within the next two weeks to whet the appetite of the most fastidious fight fan. The first of these will take place at Terre Haute, Ind., on Tuesday night, and will bring out Benny Yanger and Paddy Nee, Benny, because of his hurried defeat at the hands of Tommy Murphy at Philadelphia, lost considerable caste, but glancing over his record we find that of the money but four times during his six years of active work. His first defeat was administered by Eddie Hanlon by what was reported as a hairline decision.

He was put away for a long count in eight rounds by Aurelia Herrera at Butte, Mont., lost in the first round to Harry Lewis because of a broken arm, and recently beat by Tommy Murphy. This is not a bad record for six years, and is so much better than that of other fighters in his division that he can still be considered a factor in the game. Nee was not considered in Yanger's class a year ago, but he has proved so much in the last nine months, winning battles with knockouts, that he appears a troublesome customer. Paddy's long list is rapid fighting and light quantity for outsmiling, but in all Benny is a fast deliverer and likewise a strong hitter, the mill should be full of action from the first clang of the gong.

Gardner Again to Fight O'Keefe.

Probably the best near-at-hand battle, that is from a scientific standpoint, will take place at Kalamazoo, Mich., on April 24, between those clever mitt artists, Jimmy Gardner and Jack O'Keefe. They are, without doubt, as scientific as they turn them out, and their bout should bring forth all the beauties of the game. Jimmy will have it on Jack in height, reach and weight, but in all other respects they appear pretty evenly matched. This will be their third meeting. The first, a twenty-round affair, took place at Salt Lake City and resulted in a draw, which, however, however, to have the better of the argument. They met again at Butte, Mont., Jimmy winning in eleven rounds. O'Keefe injured his hip during one of the earlier battles, to which he attributed his defeat. He is training carefully and faithfully for this event and will enter the ring fit to go the distance. Will White was the victim of his own trick—and at the same time

he was cured of attempting to turn anything on Conkiesky.

Conkiesky sometimes says things that cut and burn. Indeed, there is a well-known belief among the acquaintances that he keeps his players to the highest tension all summer simply because they fear his scathing tongue. He is a just man, but we outside the ring are apt to "throw him down," either on or off the ball field.

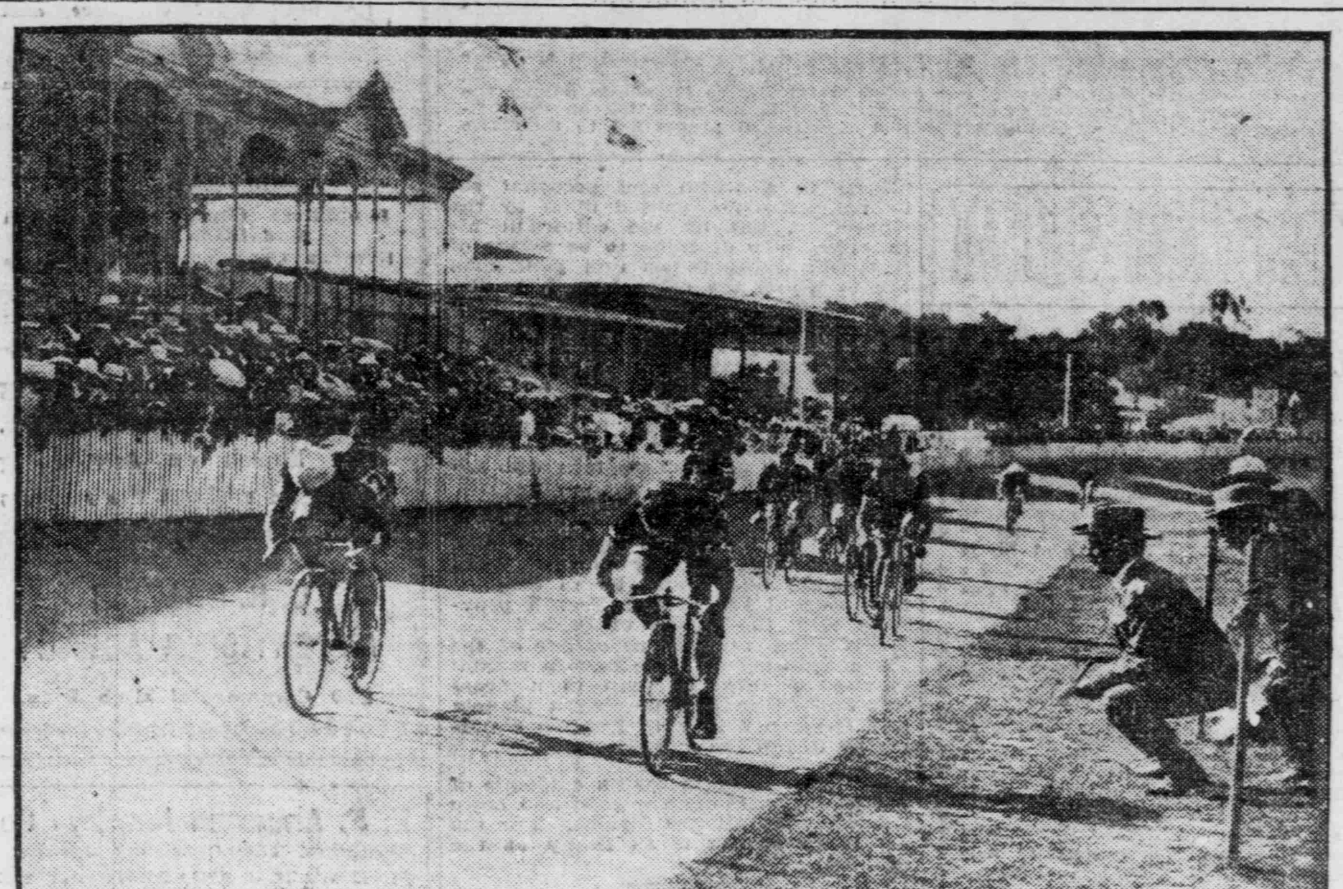
In those days captains were not permitted to take players out of the game, except in cases of illness or injury. One day Will White was getting his bumps hard, and the runs were piling up against him. Conky caught sight of a substitute pitcher hurrying to the club house and sent a trick. White, lashed out the lining and was first to bat. He reached first and, on the first ball pitched, started to steal second.

An attempt to steal second by White was a farce at any time, and Conky was a fair at any time. Sure enough White slid, and instead of getting up to begin writhing and growling on the ground, holding his leg. The players rushed around and still White writhed and growled.

"O. O. O. My leg's broke," "No, no, no, but your heart's broke," mimicked Conky.

And White, forgetting all about his broken leg, got up and wanted to fight.

W. E. Samuelson Winning a Race at Melbourne



The above photo was caught at the finish of a mile open race at Melbourne, Australia, and shows W. E. Samuelson of this city beating Mayer, the German champion, by inches. McFarland can be seen coming in third, leading the back bunch. The race was run on a third-mile cement track, the photo showing the long, wide stretches.

distance, ten rounds, at top speed and to wipe out the Butte defeat.

'Frisco Tourney Not on the Legal.

San Francisco sustained its reputation of "native son" first, last and all the time in the recent national amateur championship tournament which was held under the auspices of the Olympic Athletic club of that city.

A well known sporting scribe writes me regarding the affair as follows: "The tournament has left a bad taste even in the mouth of so partisan a city as San Francisco. The fact that eight championships are now held by the 'winged O' athletes of the Olympic club, coupled with the fact that the officials were all Olympic club men, has a bad look on the face of the situation. Only two of the eight championships, it may be said, were won fairly; the other decisions were biased and hosted by 'Frisco partisans. But the rottenness of the whole affair is not confined to the decisions alone. What the easterners do not generally know is the fact that the eight present Olympic club champions only three were regular O. C. boxers. Five were entered under the club's colors expressly for this tournament, and four of them were professional men who were reinstated within a few weeks of the tournament, solely in order that the club might make a showing in the championships. All of them are known to have fought for money, and it is common report about the club that money was promised them in case they made a showing in the tourney. It is stated on good authority that all the Olympic club boxers have been entered on a cash basis. In each instance, where an Olympic club man had his opponent weakened, the referee stopped the bout, and in many cases, where an outsider had a club man beaten in three rounds, an extra round was called. There were no extra rounds, however, when a club boxer had a shade."

Battling Nelson and Aurelia Herrera are working up their coming fight by bumping into each other on the street and getting into wordy arguments regarding their respective fist abilities. It is said that Nelson, who is a paper grappler at it like a drowning man grasping at a straw.

SOME LATE FIGHT DOPE FROM LOS ANGELES

Here is some of the latest fight dope from Los Angeles:

Fighters are easier to find here than policemen just now. Kid Herman is the latest arrival. He came straight from the train to Tom McCarey's office and asked for a distinguished aggregation, including Battling Nelson, who has made Hecogew a household word; Abe Attie, senior champion of the world; and featherweight champion of the world, William Britt, long distance conversationalist and Kid Herman, the only Greek in the fighting business.

"Why, hello, Bat," said Herman, "fine as the boy."

"Fine and silky," responded the Dane, "I'm one kid you've got to lick, Bat," said Herman.

"You'll have to beat me to prove it. If you lick me, you'll lick a good boy."

"Well," responded Nelson, "there's where I shine. That's my specialty, licking good boys a chance, do you? That's what both boys were in earnest. Nelson remembered that Herman had been giving out interviews clamoring for a fight with his townsmen, and Herman still feels a trifle sore because Herrera and not himself, was selected to meet the Dane for the \$20,000 purse.

"Now, let us talk a little business while there are no managers around," said Herman. "I'm going to win from Britt. If you win from Herrera, I want to fight you."

"That's all right," said Nelson loftily. "You can get more money losing to me than you can winning from any other man in the business. This shot fairly took the wind out of Herman."

"Say, said he at last, you don't figure me to have a chance, do you? That's where I'm likely to fool you. Herrera couldn't do anything to me. You've got to lick me, and there some of them."

"Well, one big fight at a time," said Nelson. "I don't bar any of you fellows. All in good time."

NEW ELSINORE COMPANY.

Jensen Bros. & Co. File Articles of Incorporation.

Jensen Bros. & Co. of Elsinore, Utah, formed to do a general mercantile business, filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of state yesterday. The capital stock is \$10,000 and the value of each share is \$10. The officers are: President, Joseph Bland; vice-president, Jens Jensen; secretary, Walter Jensen; treasurer, D. P. Jensen.

BRICKLAYERS' ATTENTION!

Special meeting at hall, Sunday, 10:30 a. m., to consider relief for San Francisco sufferers.

WILLIAM BAXTER, President.

CHECKERS

Checker Board as Numbered for Beginners.

Place black men on squares 1 to 12. Place white men on squares 21 to 32. Blacks always move first at the commencement of a checker game. Players in general use black squares. Printers use white squares.

Game No. 12. Wagram.

Game No. 13. Single corner.

Game No. 14. Single corner.

Game No. 15. Single corner.

Game No. 16. Single corner.

Game No. 17. Single corner.

Game No. 18. Single corner.

Game No. 19. Single corner.

Game No. 20. Single corner.

Game No. 21. Single corner.

Game No. 22. Single corner.

Game No. 23. Single corner.

Game No. 24. Single corner.

Game No. 25. Single corner.

Game No. 26. Single corner.

Game No. 27. Single corner.

Game No. 28. Single corner.

Game No. 29. Single corner.

Game No. 30. Single corner.

Game No. 31. Single corner.

Game No. 32. Single corner.

MONEY FOR MISS SUTTON.

Champion Tennis Player to Go Abroad and Defend Title.

A dispatch from Los Angeles says: Through popular subscription it has been practically arranged to send Miss Mary Sutton, the world's woman tennis champion, to England to compete in the championship games. Subscriptions for this purpose have been received by Archibald C. Way, representing the southern California Tennis association and the Ocean Park Country club. Already \$100 has been placed in the hands of Way, and it is said the tennis devotees will respond liberally.

THE BISMARCK

No. 30 West Second South, carries the genuine imported Bavarian and Pilsener beers on draught and in bottles.

Isn't It Late for Chestnuts Now? (Los Angeles Times.) Wireless telegraphy works best at night. The birds are then asleep, and there is nothing to pick of the currents.

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Game No. 28. Single corner.

JEFFRIES MIGHT FIGHT AGAIN IF
SUITABLE OPPONENT APPEAREDIF IT'S HERE
IT'S RIGHT

The day after Jeffries declared he was out of the ring forever this appeared in the Los Angeles Tribune:

"Champion Jim Jeffries will come out of retirement and enter the ring again if a suitable opportunity pops up which would be a drawing card. Jeffries, while not saying directly that he would fight again, yesterday hinted that there is no one for him to fight."

Jeffries received a visit yesterday afternoon at his ranch, beyond Burbank, from Jerome Easley, John Crawley and Mura Shaughnessy of San Francisco. The visit was purely personal and had nothing to do with Coffroth's offer to give Jeffries a purse of \$120,000 to take on Jack O'Brien and several other heavies for a series of week fights.

The champion chatted freely, and took the visitors about his farm to show what he has accomplished.

"Had this place planted to alfalfa," said Jeff, "but the north wind dropped in on me for twelve hours and whipped it off at the roots."

"How is your health, Jeff?" he was asked.

"Never better. This farmer's life is the only thing, and it keeps me in good shape physically. I weigh about 250 pounds and am in fine shape."

"Will you ever fight again?" was asked.

"Hard to tell," came the answer.

"How about the offers from Tom O'Rourke and San Francisco to give you a purse of \$100,000 for a series of fights?"

"Sometimes these offers are not genuine," said Jeff.

"Well, if you were shown that they were genuine, would you consider it?"

"Well, that depends. It costs a lot of money to get into shape, and I made nothing out of the Monroe fight; pos-

sibly \$2,000. I always pay my men well for working with me, and it is not worth the trouble to get into shape. I am pretty busy with my crop here and expect to make enough to pay for the ranch this year. I will not have time this summer to do any fighting. I like it here in the country, and am satisfied with farming for a living. By the way, Sandy Ferguson is a good fellow if they could keep him straight. He would give these big fellows a good fight. As for fighting Jack O'Brien, well—, and Jeff laughed.

Not Much Money in the Show Business.

"I wanted to do just this thing of fighting all these big fellows just after I won the championship," resumed the retired champion, "but my manager wanted me to go into the show business. There was not so much money in the show business, you had to spend too much; you couldn't afford to be a piker on the road. I should have done it then. You know there is always a chance to lose. I had enough trouble with that kid and that cost me nearly all I made to get it fixed."

Jeff then discussed the heavyweights, telling stories of Sharkey and Fitzsimmons, finally remarking that he believed Al Kaufman was a good boy, and would develop into a promising fighter. Jeff could not forget that Butte deal with Jack Monroe. "I asked Dunc McDonald about that decision to Monroe," he continued, "and Dunc told me that reason against the money and did not claim that Monroe had a decision. Joe Gans won it, but he lost it."

Jeffries is as rugged as an oak and has little fat on him. He works as hard as his hired man and is up with the chickens. He remarked that it costs him anywhere from \$30 to \$50 every time he comes to town, and that that reason he will not be seen here until the fights scheduled for Fiesta week.

Jeffries Says He Likes Life of a Farmer.

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KEELER AS MAGNATE.

New York's Great Hitter Invests

Earnings in Baseball Stock.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., April 21.—Some of these days Willie Keeler may be a baseball magnate. The popular right fielder of the New York Americans recently purchased a block of stock of the Montreal Canadiens, Eastern league, believing that he could not secure a better investment for some of the money he has earned on the ball field. Keeler had been playing professional ball for more than a dozen years and he has drawn as much as \$100,000 in a single season. He owns considerable real estate in Brooklyn and is said to be worth enough to keep the wolf away from the door for the rest of his life. If all ball players took care of themselves as Keeler has done they would be much better off. Many former major league players have died of old days are practically penniless now, or are working for pay that must make them regret their past foolishness.

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FITZ AND O'BRIEN AGAIN.

Ancient Robert Revived to Make

Sport for the East.

New York, April 21.—May 20, Decoration day, has been selected by Manager Tom O'Rourke of the Tuxedo club at Essington, Pa., for the twenty-two-round battle between Robert Fitzsimmons and Jack O'Brien.

The men have signed the articles of agreement which bind them to appear before O'Rourke's club for their return battle.

The men have agreed to box twenty rounds, and in return for their services will receive 25 per cent each of the gross receipts. This will be varied, no matter what the outcome of the battle will be. O'Rourke, however, guarantees that the gross receipts will not be less than \$20,000, which is equivalent to guaranteeing Fitzsimmons and O'Brien \$5,000 each.

VOTING MACHINES.

C. S. Hamilton of the United States Voting Machine company has installed one of his machines at the real estate exchange, 15 West Second South, where he will be each day in person to explain its workings from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. The voting population are cordially invited to call.

Contagious Blood Poison begins in the most insignificant way, and with less evidence of what is to follow, than any other disease. The first symptom is usually a little sore or blister, whose appearance does not indicate that deeper down, in the blood, a treacherous and deadly poison has found its way to corrupt and vitiate the entire circulation, and later to disease the body with the most loathsome and hateful symptoms. Unless one has experienced or witnessed the terrible results of Contagious Blood Poison, no idea of its effects can be formed.

When the blood has become fully inoculated with the virus, the mouth and throat ulcerate; glands in the neck and groin swell, and sometimes burst, forming ulcers; the hair comes out; copper colored spots appear on the body; and where the disease is allowed to remain in the system it penetrates deeper and deeper, until it affects the bones, causing them to decay, and makes a complete physical wreck of its unfortunate victim.

Not only the first one who contracts the disease must suffer, but it is transmitted through the blood from generation to generation, and innocent lives are blighted and diseased by this monster poison. No other disease is so highly contagious as blood poison; in the most trivial manner it may be contracted by innocent persons. Many have been inoculated with the virus, and suffered the disastrous and destructive effects of the poison, by a friendly handshake, or by using the same tableware or toilet articles, or handling the clothing of an infected person.

Strong mineral medicines like mercury and potash are often given to cure Contagious Blood Poison, but years of failure have proven that such treatment cannot cure the trouble. These medicines can only mask or shut the disease up in the system for awhile; as soon as they are left off the symptoms return in all